

CRACK COMICS

JANUARY
No. 58

10¢



STILL 52 PAGES

Captain
TRIUMPH
scores a bull's-eye
over
TARGETS!





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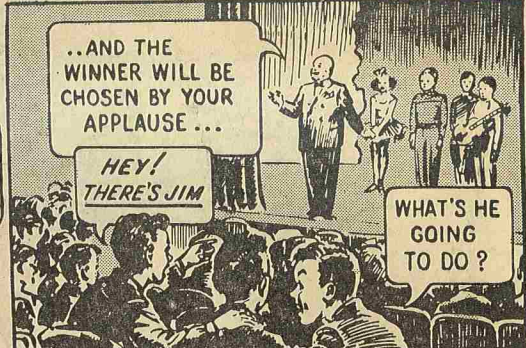
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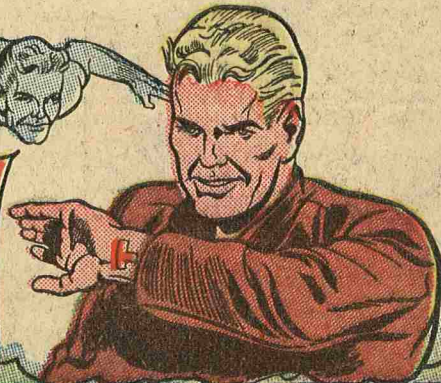
CITY..... STATE.....

Captain TRIUMPH

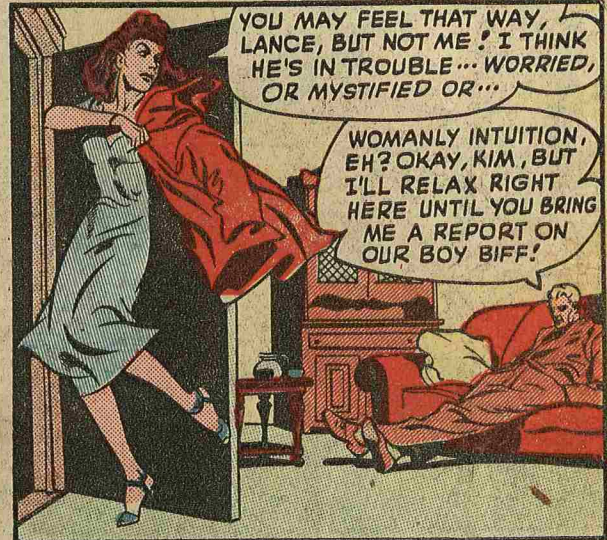
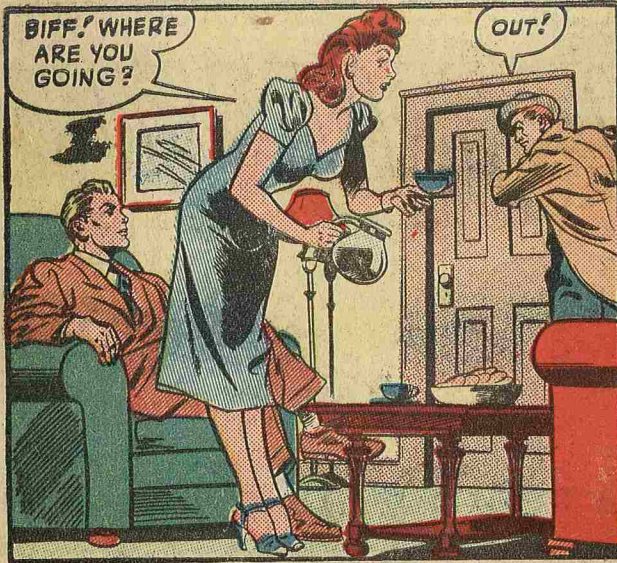
TRIUMPH OVER EVIL!

A wise and wicked enemy thought he knew the one weakness of CAPTAIN TRIUMPH...love and loyalty towards his comrades...and tried to profit by it! GRIM WAS THE RECKONING!

When Lance Gallant touches the mystic mark on his wrist, he merges with the ghost of his twin brother Michael to become the unconquerable CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

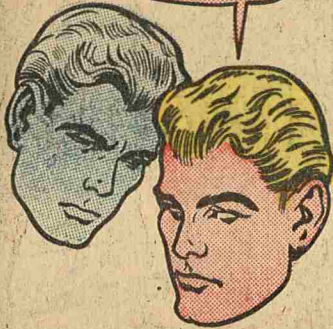


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MAYBE BIFF CAN TAKE CARE OF WHATEVER'S BOTHERING HIM... BUT KIM'S JUST A GIRL, AND IF THERE'S TROUBLE...

YOU'RE RIGHT, MICHAEL! I WAS A HEEL TO STAY OUT OF IT!



THEN YOU'LL FOLLOW BIFF, TOO?

NOT ME, MICHAEL! NOT LANCE GALLANT! IT'LL BE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WHO LOOKS INTO WHATEVER NEEDS INVESTIGATION!



At the touch on Lance's wrist, the twin brothers merge into CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



Meanwhile...

BIFF! I KNEW YOU'D MEET ME!

I WONDER WHO THAT GIRL IS!



I CAME LIKE I PROMISED, VARNA! AIN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU GAVE ME THE DOPE ON WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT ME?

ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I DO LIKE YOU, BIFF? YOU OUGHT TO TRUST ME... I TRUST YOU!



FOR INSTANCE, I KNOW YOU'RE A PAL OF CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! BUT DO I KEEP PESTERING YOU TO TELL HIS SECRETS?

THEY AIN'T MY SECRETS TO TELL, BABY! I'VE EXPLAINED THAT!



KEEP OUT

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, STEP IN HERE WHERE IT'S PRIVATE!

RIGHT WITH YOU, DREAM DAME!



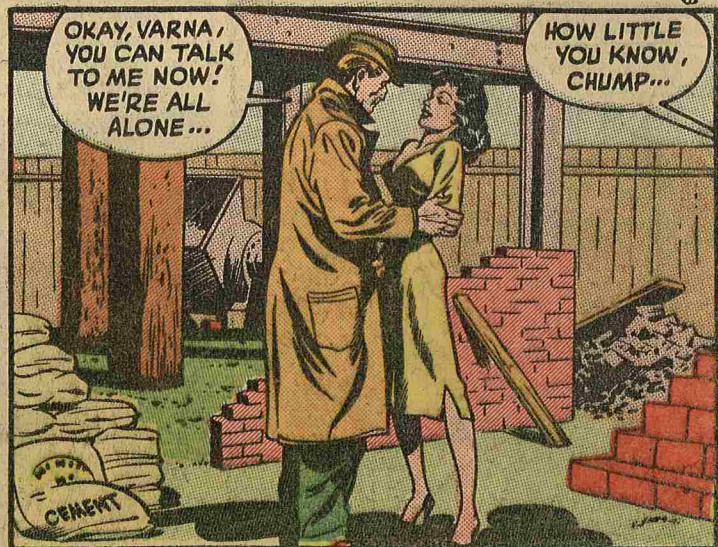
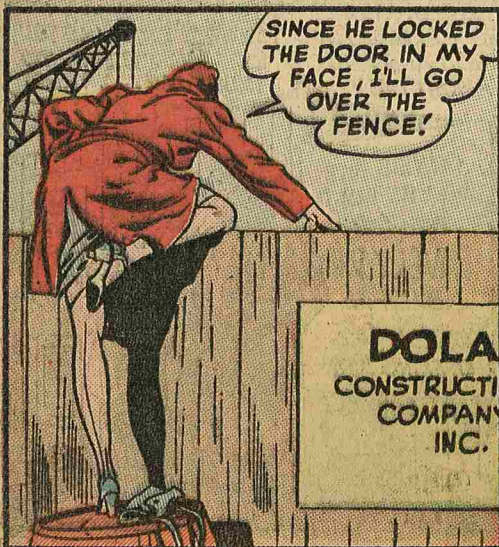
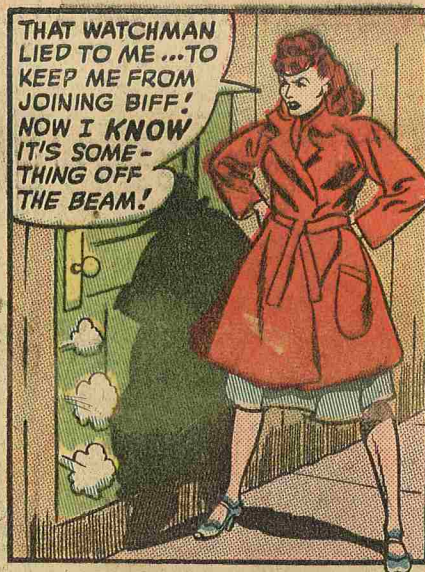
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SORRY, LADY! NOBODY ALLOWED ON THE GROUNDS-- DANGEROUS UNTIL CONSTRUCTION IS FINISHED!



NO FRIEND OF YOURS, NOR NOBODY ELSE, CAME IN HERE! YOU'RE MISTAKEN! GOOD NIGHT!



TARGETS, HUH? I REMEMBER THAT NAME! CAPTAIN TRIUMPH BUSTED UP YOUR TRY AT ROBBING THE SIXTH NATIONAL BANK!

I GOT ANOTHER TRY COMING OFF TO-MORROW! BUT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WON'T BE BUSTING UP THIS ONE!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL BE TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIND HIS LOST PAL ... THAT'S YOU, MY FRIEND!

YEAH, YOU? HE'LL LOOK FOR YOU, ALL RIGHT... BUT HE WON'T BE FINDING YOU!



AND WHAT WILL I BE DOING IN THE MEANTIME, HUH? I THINK...

I THINK YOU'LL STAND STILL, BEFORE YOU START LYING STILL!

BIFF! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

HEY, THIS IS MY LUCKY NIGHT! NOW WE GOT CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S GIRL FRIEND! LATCH ONTO HER, GILLIE!



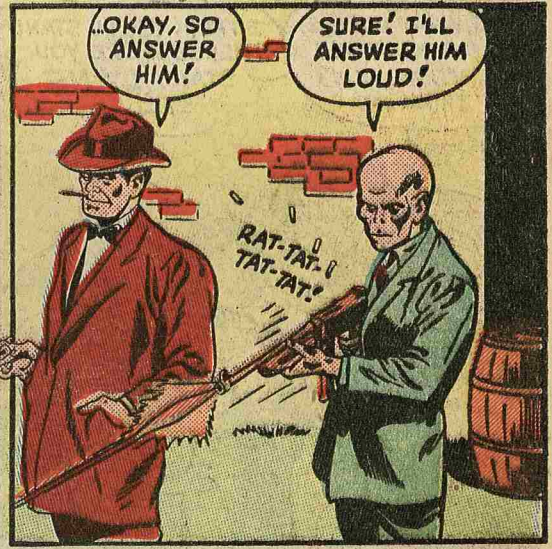
I WARNED YOU IT WAS DANGEROUS IN HERE, SISTER! BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

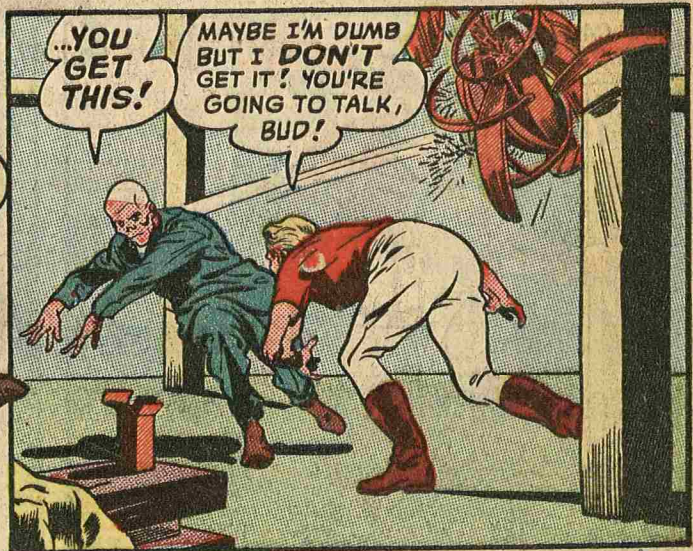
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFFA HER!

IF LANCE HAD ONLY COME ALONG! THEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WOULD...

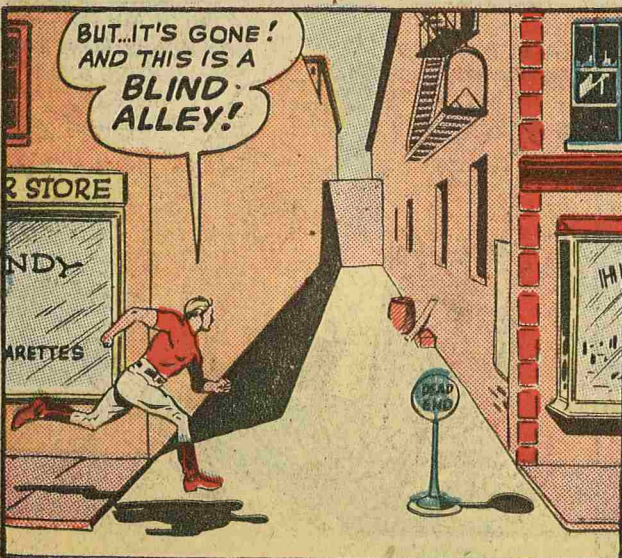
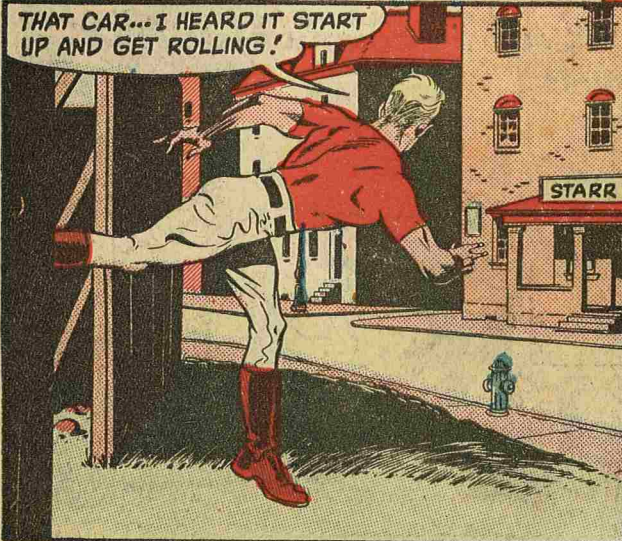
BUT AS IT IS, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WON'T SHOW UP, WILL HE? TOMORROW HE'LL BE POKING AROUND AFTER BOTH OF YOU!

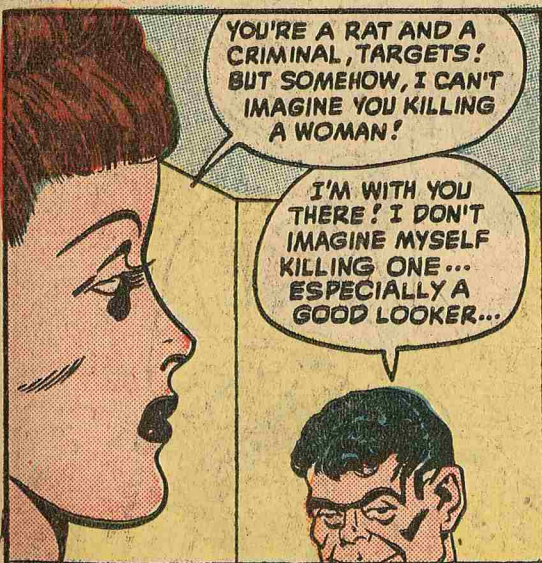
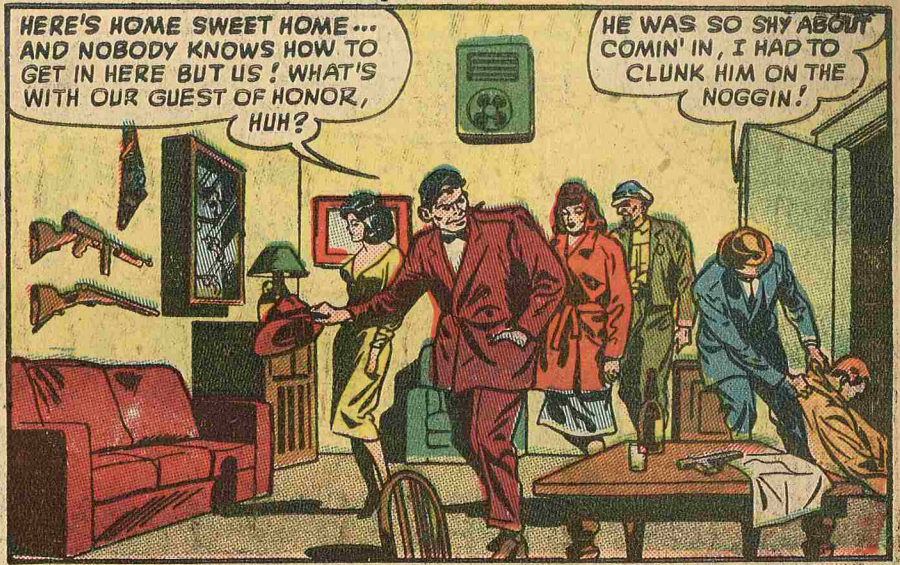


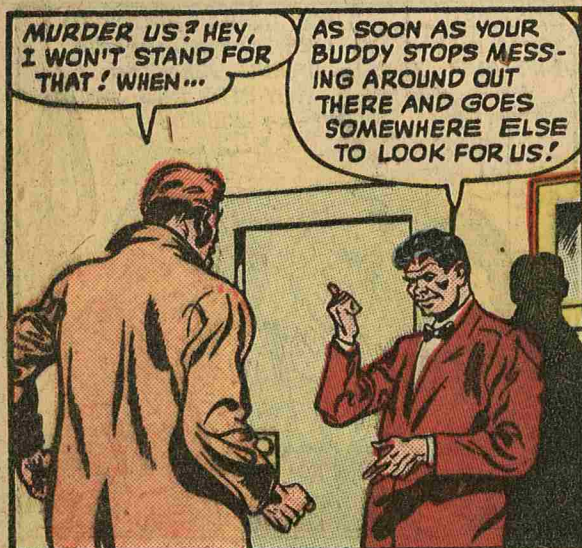




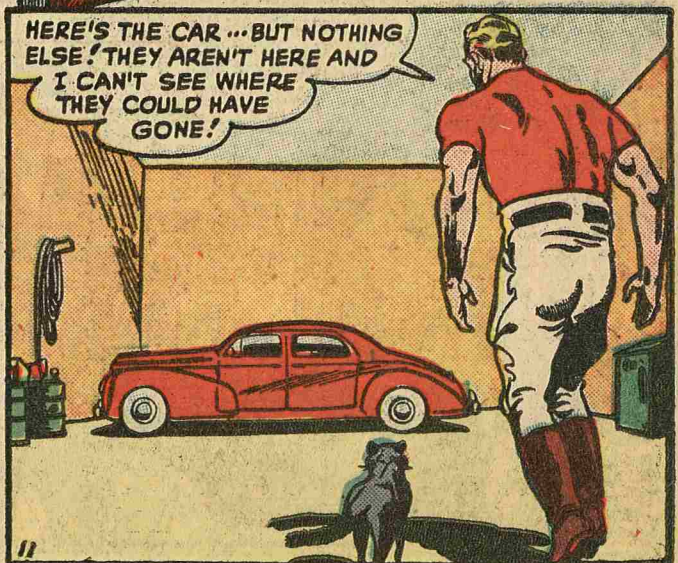
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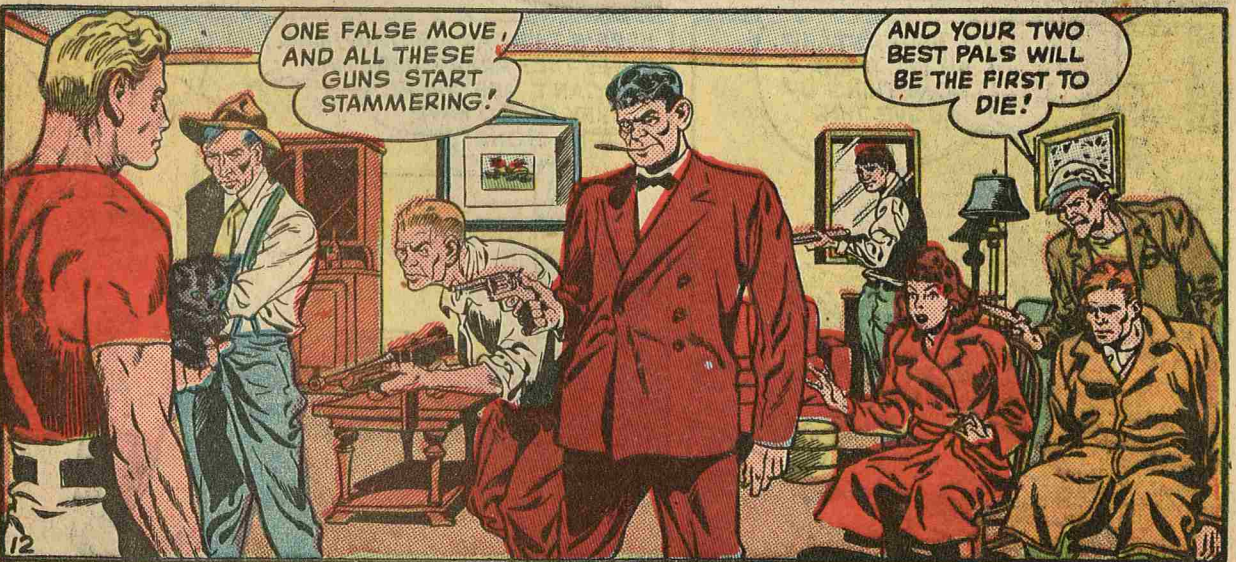


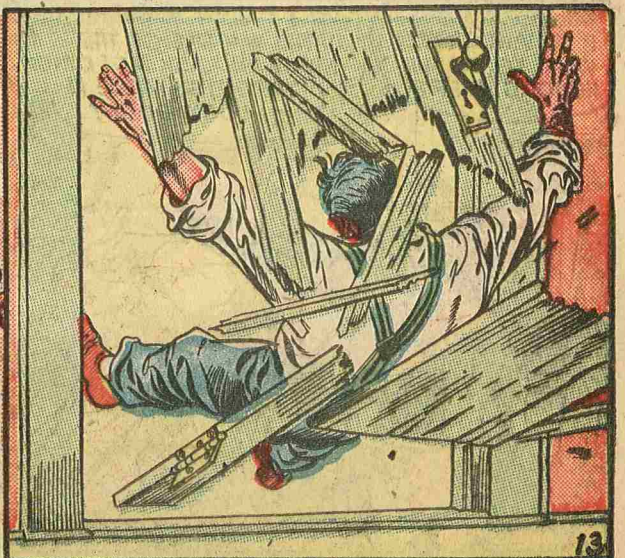
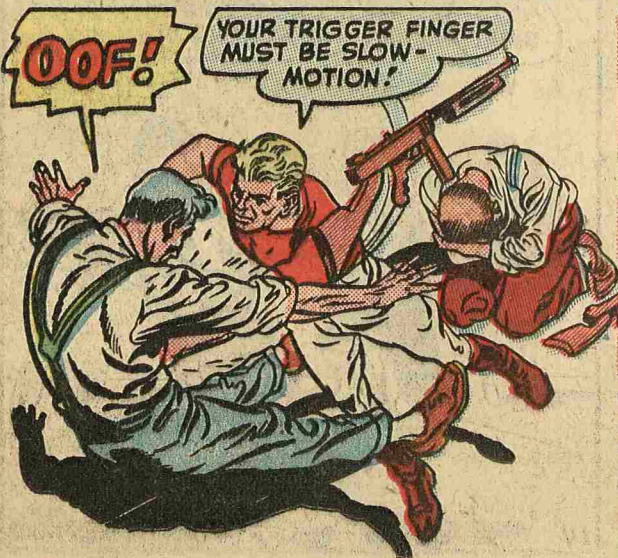


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THE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE TARGETS GANG SEEMS TO BE TAPERING OFF!



I SAID I WOULD, AND NOW I'M GOING TO...

NO, YOU WON'T!



DROP THE GUN! DROP IT!

WAIT, YOU!



I'M PROUD OF YOU, KIM! YOU LEARNED THAT TRICK FROM ME!



NOW NOBODY SEEMS TO BE STANDING BUT OUR HOST...TARGETS!

HOLD IT! YOU AIN'T GOING TO THREE-TIME ME, ARE YOU?



NO, LET'S MAKE IT A FAIR FIGHT! WANT TO DO THE HONORS, BIFF?

DO I? JUST WAKE ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND ASK ME! C'MON, TARGETS, MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



POOR BIFF!

NO, THAT'S HIS OWN STYLE! HE BLOCKS WITH HIS FACE!



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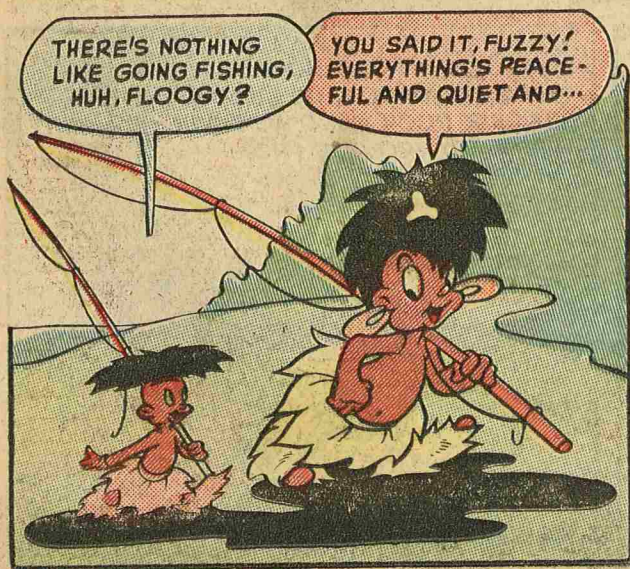
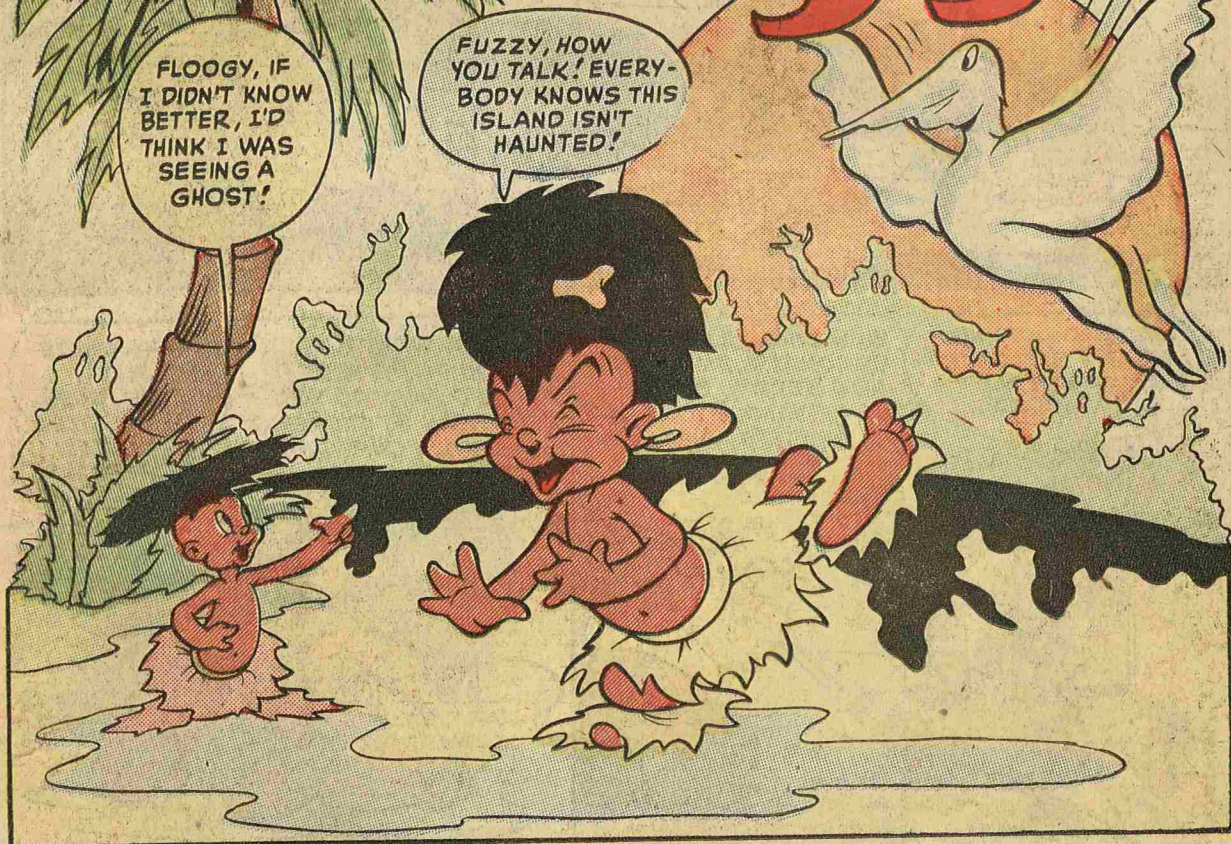


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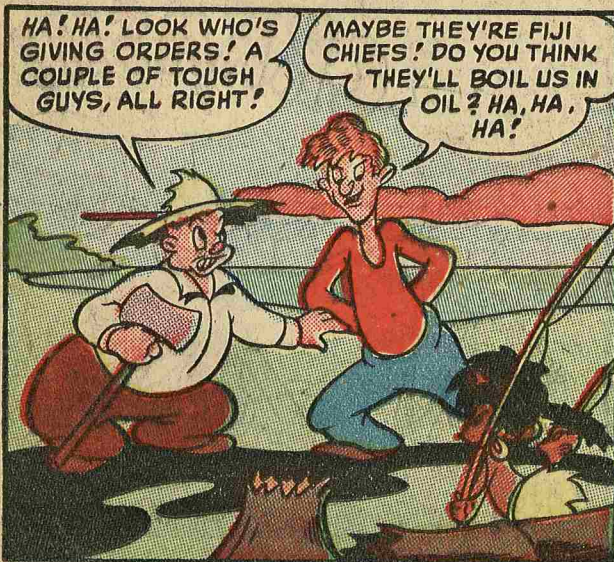
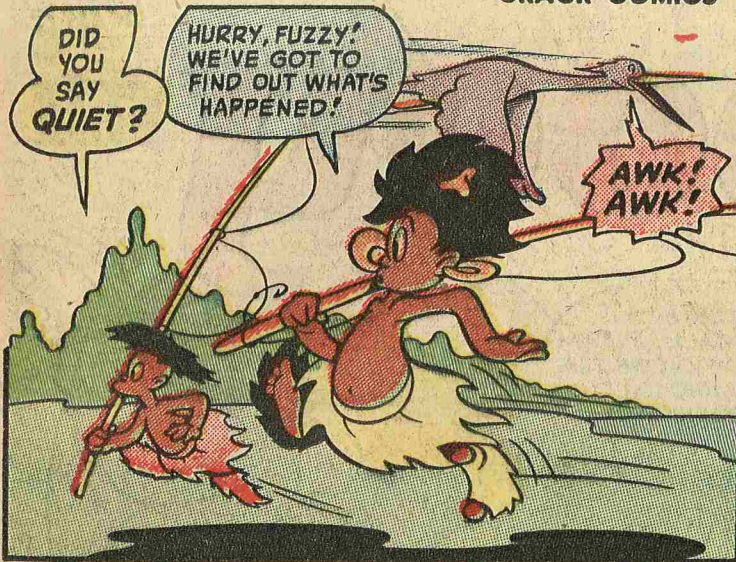


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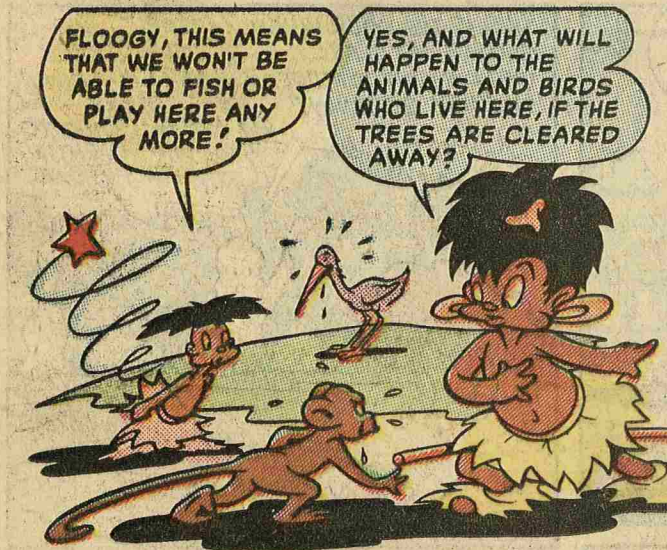
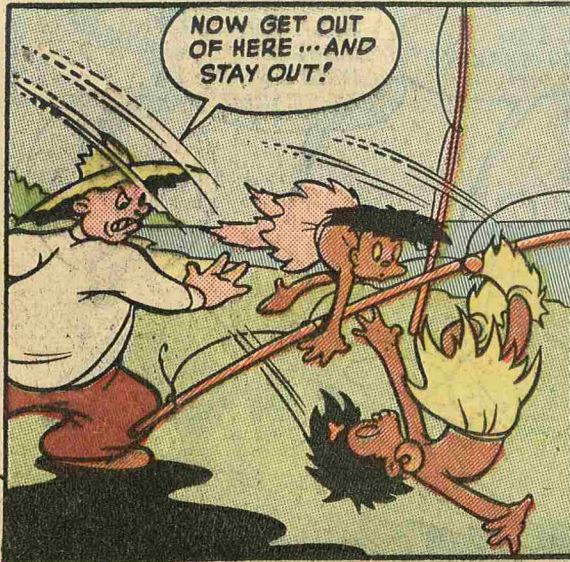
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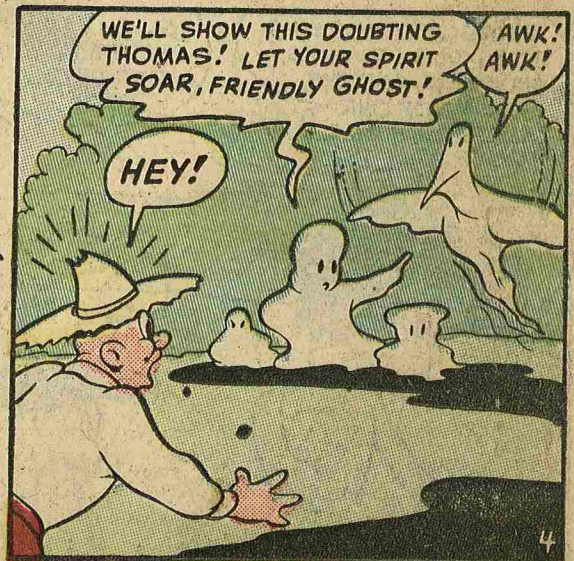
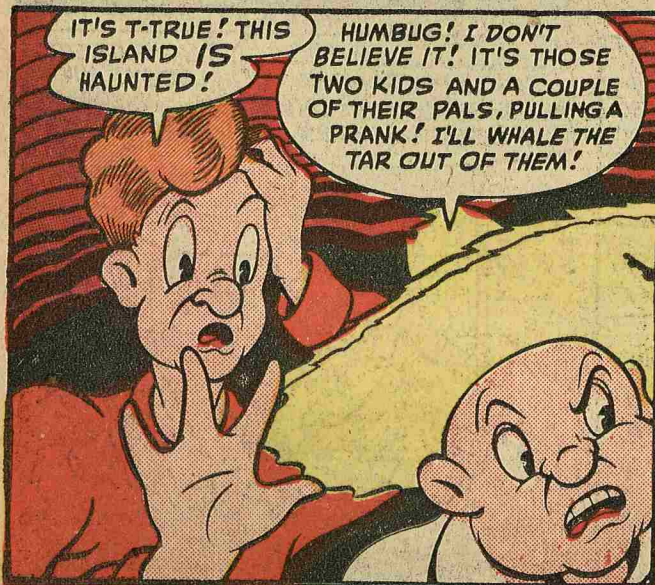
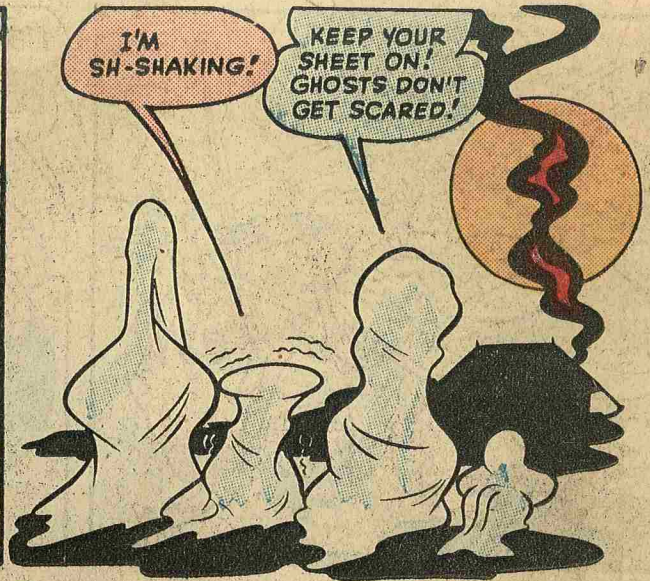
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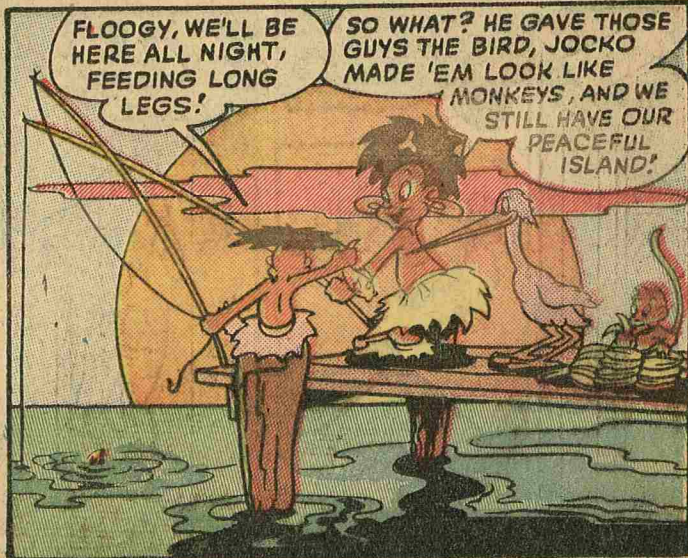
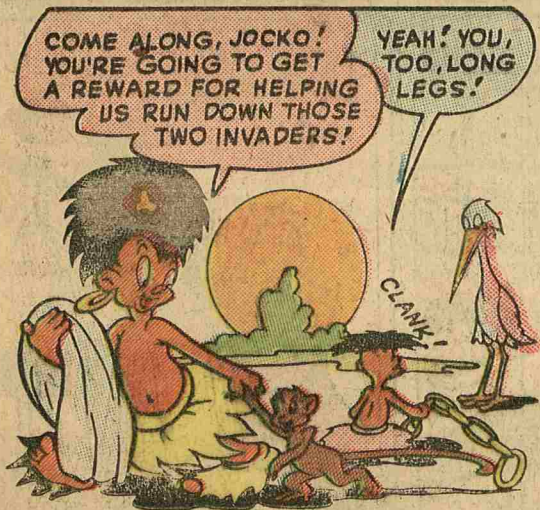
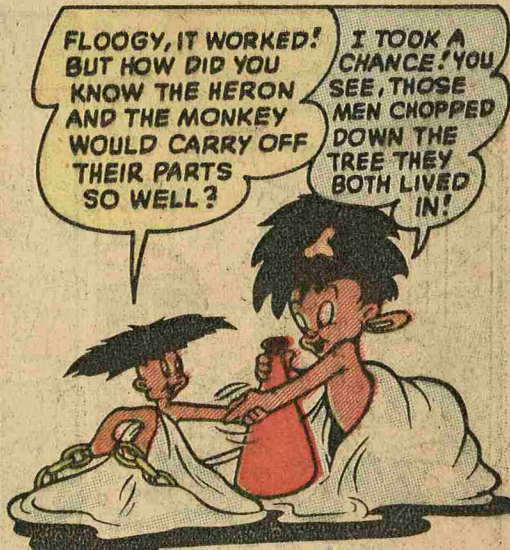
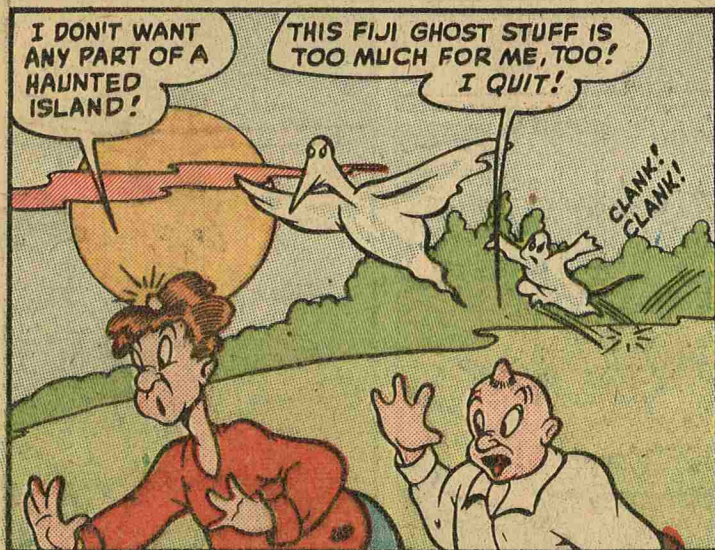
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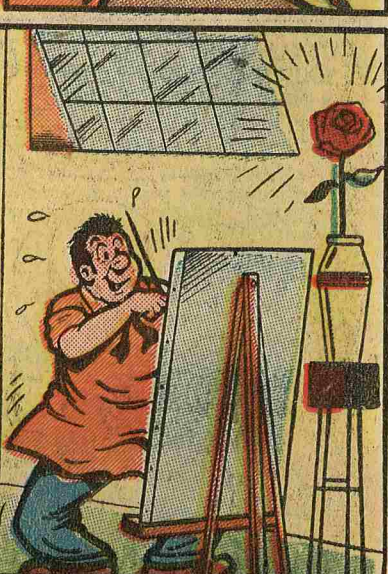
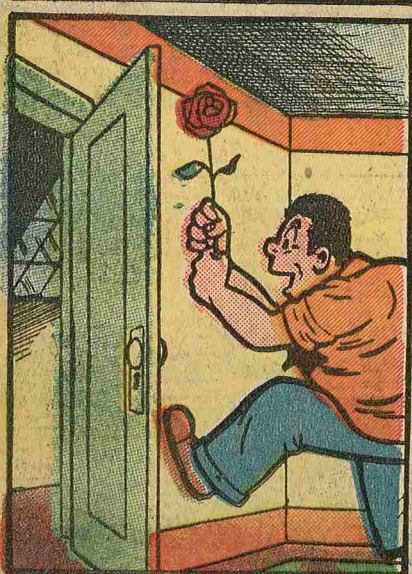
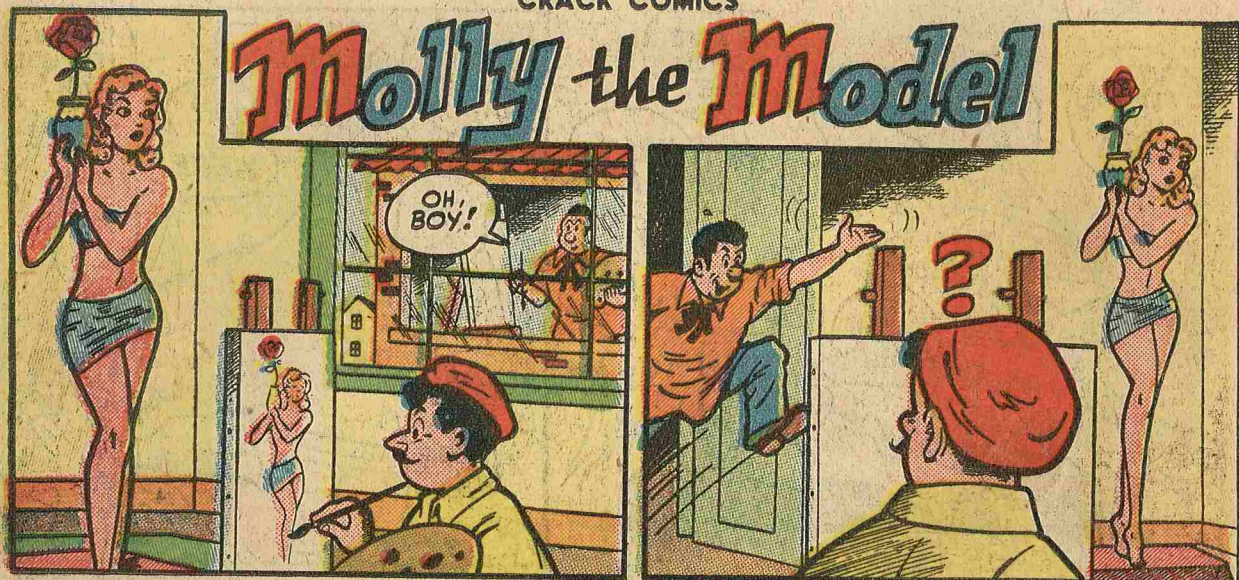
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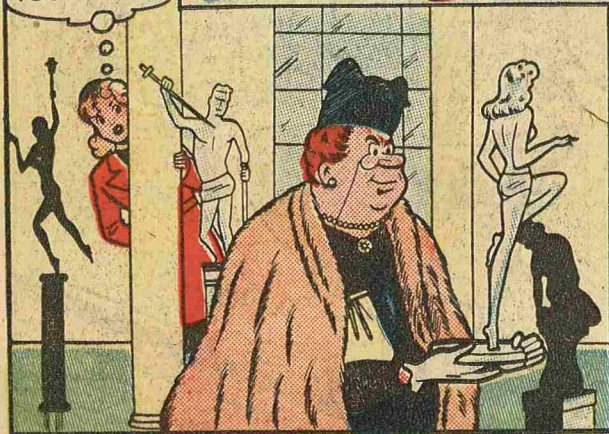


Molly the Model



Molly the Model

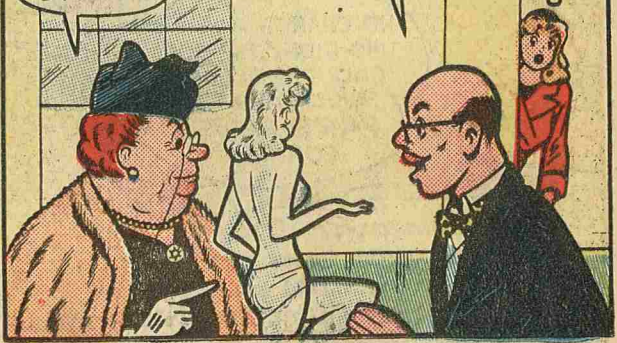
AT LAST!
SOMEONE'S
BUYING THAT
STATUETTE I
POSED FOR!



WHAT A KICK
I'M GETTING
OUT OF SOME-
ONE'S PICKING
OUT MY
STATUE
FROM ALL
THE OTHERS!

YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE
ONE CALLED "OCTOBER
DAWN"?

YES,
INDEED!



SHALL I
WRAP IT UP,
MADAM?

NOT YET! MY HUSBAND
WILL BE RIGHT HERE
IN A MOMENT...

AND AFTER HEARING HIM
TALK ME DEAF, DUMB AND
BLIND FOR A SOLID WEEK
OVER THIS THING, I WANT
TO PRESENT IT TO HIM
PERSONALLY!

IS THIS
HE COMING
NOW?

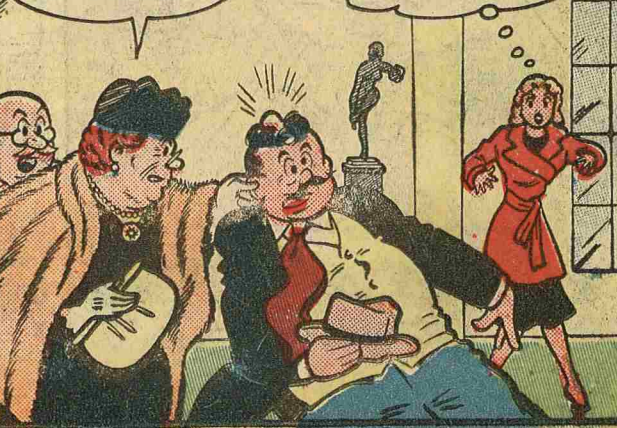


IT
IS!

WHAM!

NOW I WON'T HAVE
TO PLAY SECOND
FIDDLE TO A PUNK
HUNK OF PLASTER
ANY LONGER!

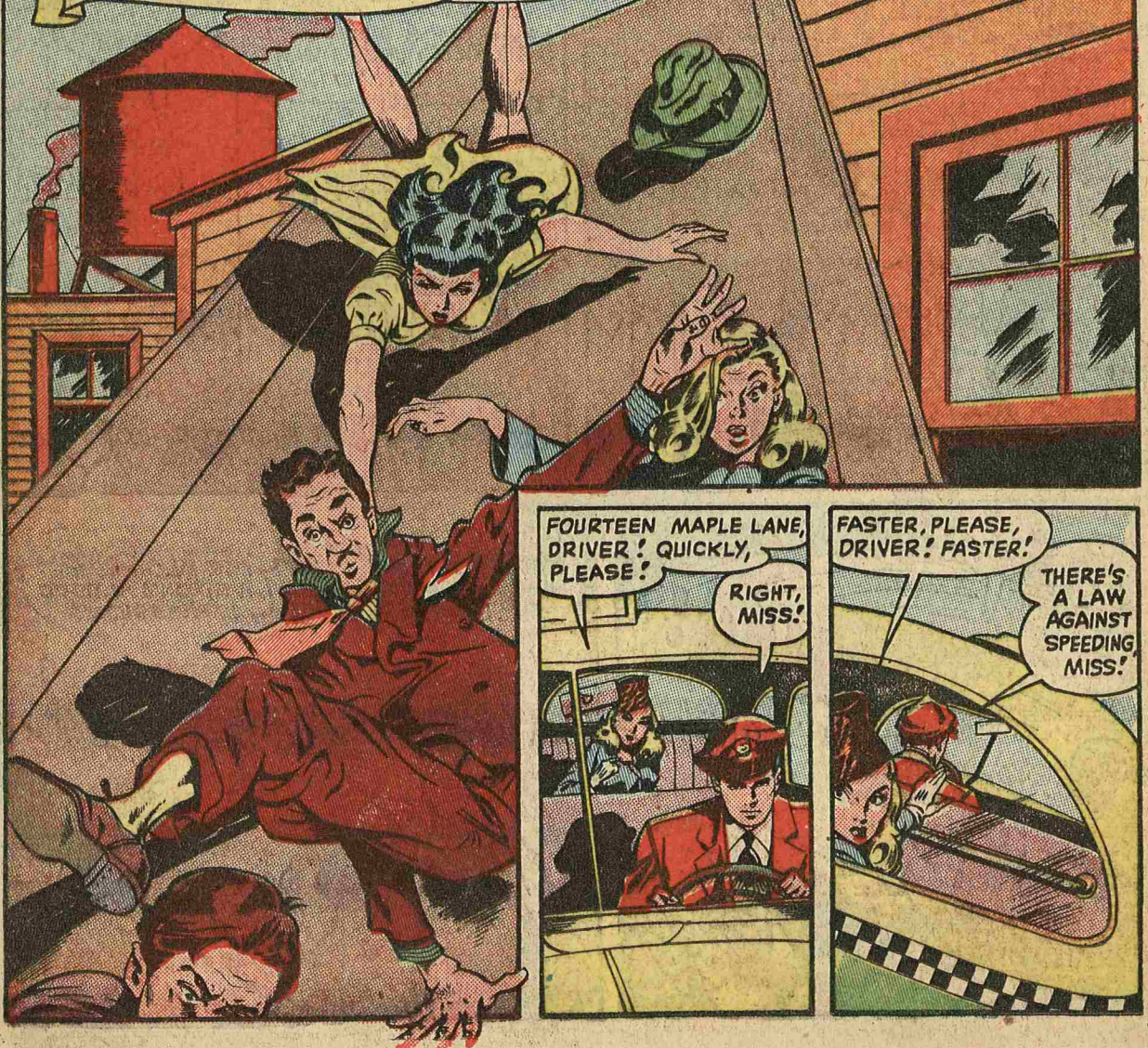
WELL, I SUPPOSE
THAT'S ONE WAY
FOR ME TO MAKE
A STRONG ARTISTIC
IMPRESSION!



Hack O'HARA

NO CHARGE FOR THIS RIDE! THE COPS'LL CALL IT A CLEAN SWEEP, AND THAT'S FARE ENOUGH FOR ME!

The meter in Hack O'Hara's cab ticks off a few criminal charges when Hack tangles with a gang of jewelry thieves!



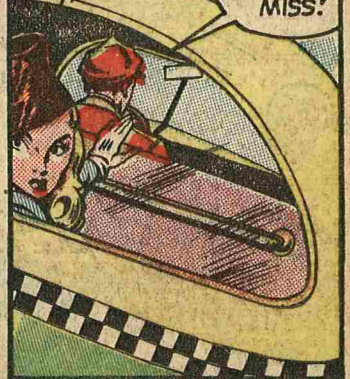
FOURTEEN MAPLE LANE, DRIVER! QUICKLY, PLEASE!

RIGHT, MISS!

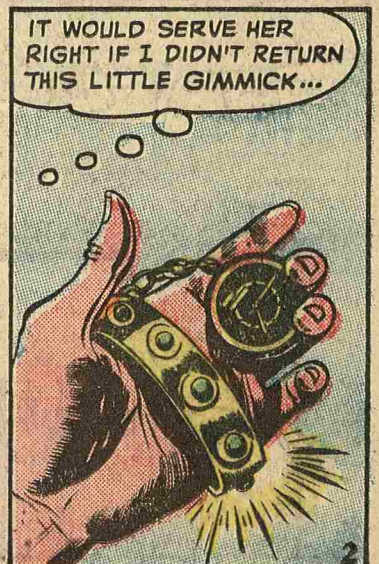
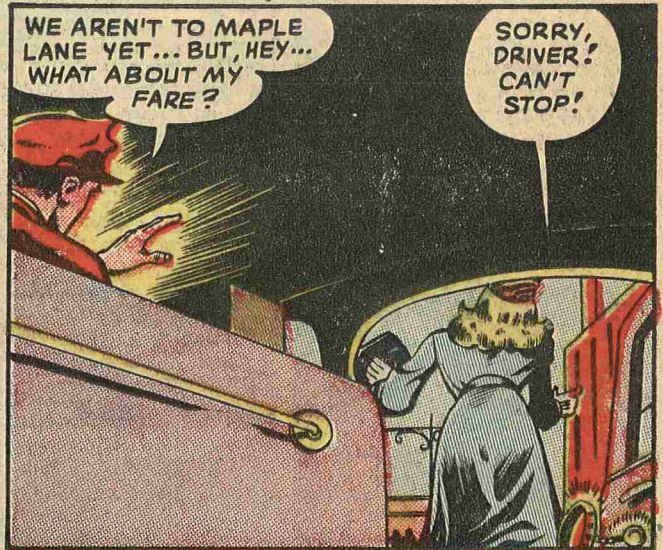


FASTER, PLEASE, DRIVER! FASTER!

THERE'S A LAW AGAINST SPEEDING, MISS!

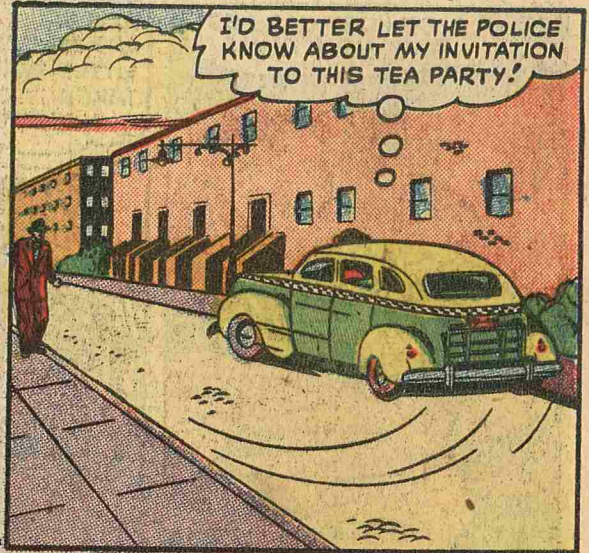


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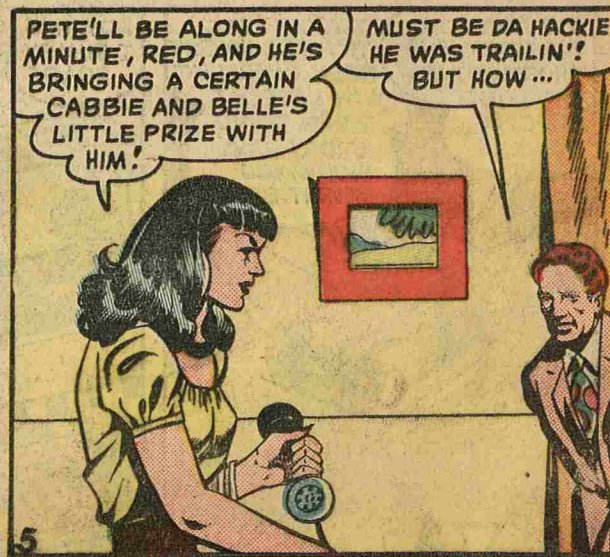
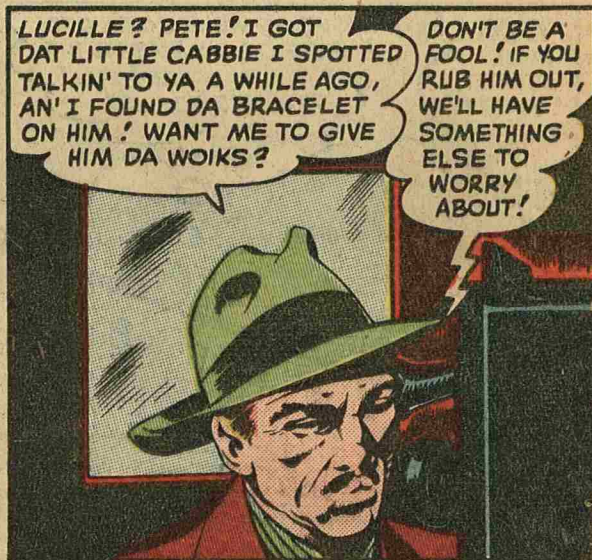




CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS



PEN MILLER

Pen Miller,
crusading cartoonist,
sketches civic corruption
in a different kind of pen!

By Klaus

I CAN'T USE THESE NEW STRIPS ABOUT KNUCKLES MCGOON EXPANDING HIS RACKETS, PEN! WHY, MCGOON IS IN JAIL, THANKS TO THOSE SKETCHES YOU DREW LAST MONTH!

MCGOON NOW RUNS HIS RACKETS FROM THE JAIL, CHIEF!

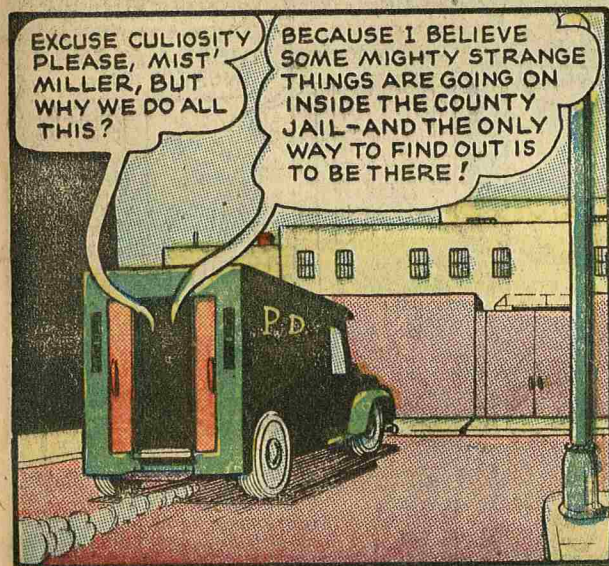
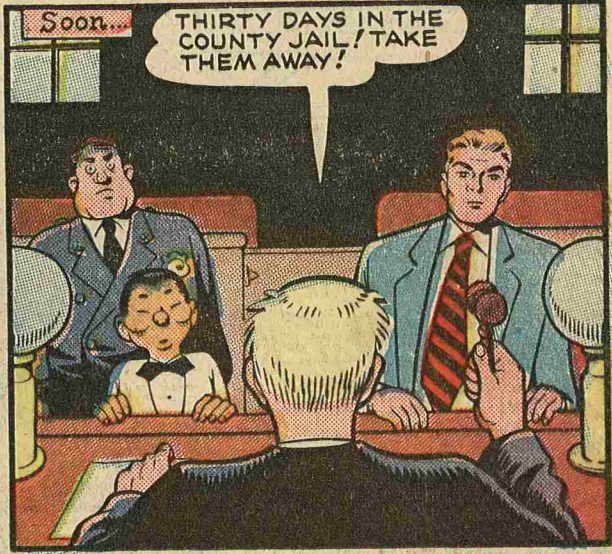
RIDICULOUS! NO READER WOULD BELIEVE IT! I'M NOT RUNNING THESE STRIPS—HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

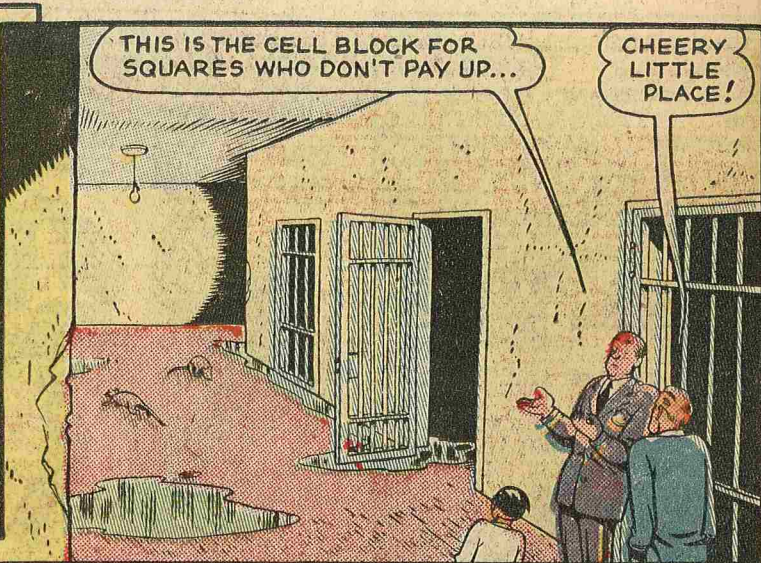
I'M GOING TO BRING YOU PROOF THAT WILL BACK UP MY STRIPS! COME ON, CHOP!

WHERE WE GO, MIST' MILLER?

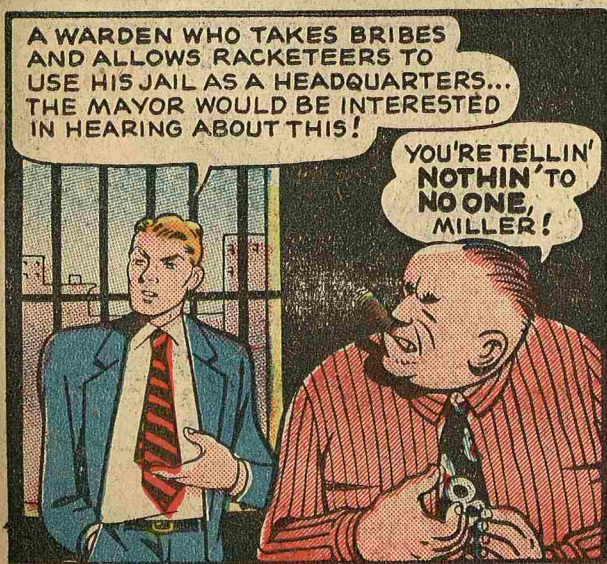
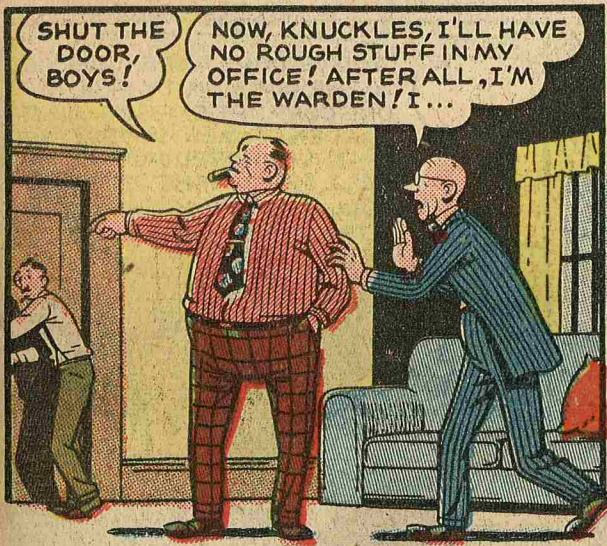
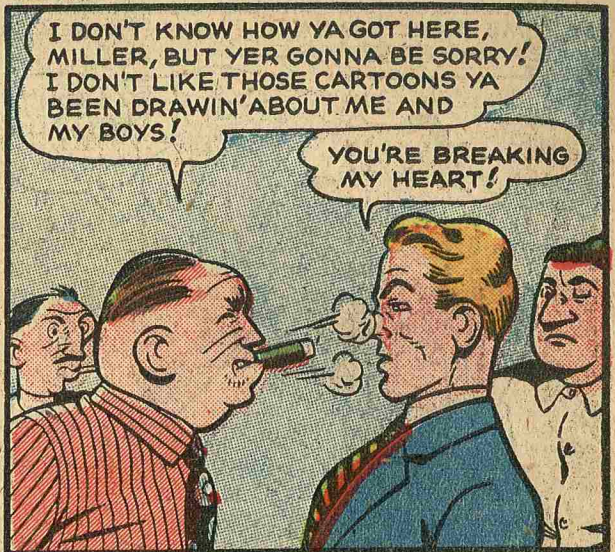
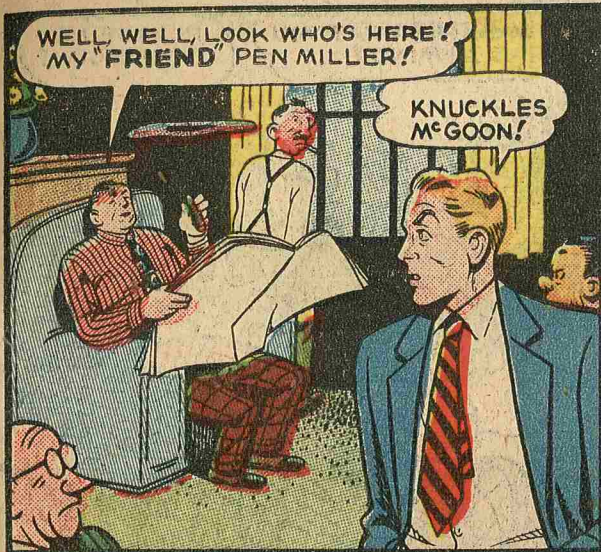
WE'RE GOING TO JAIL, CHOP!

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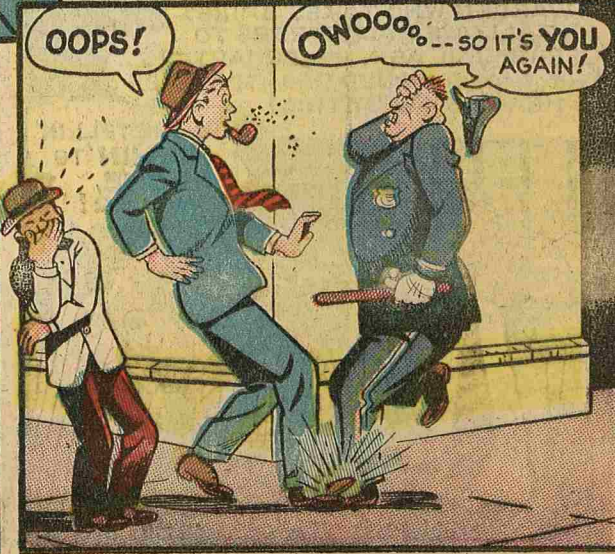
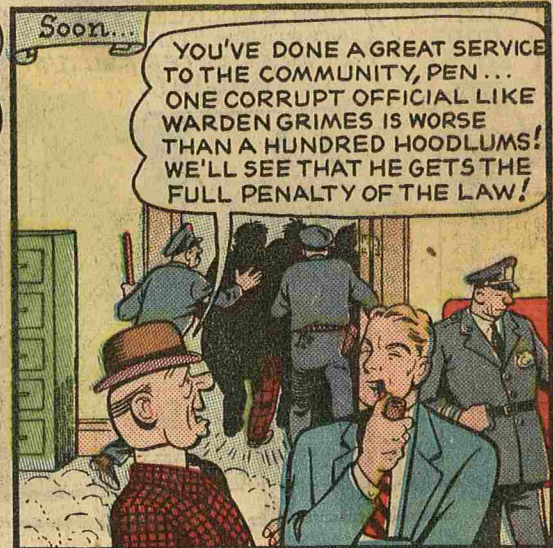
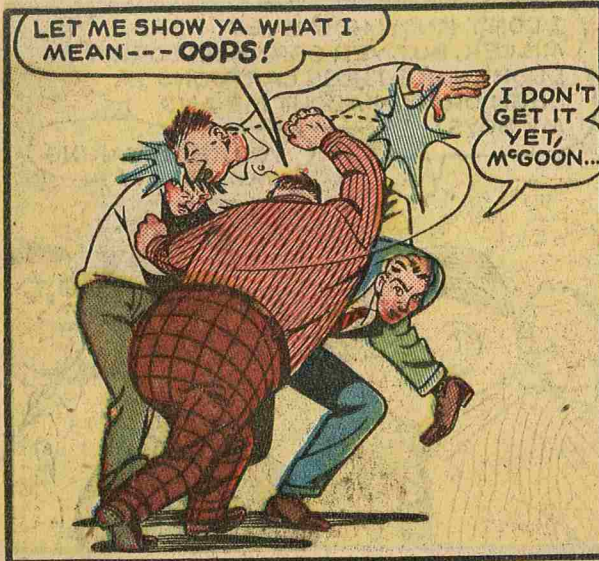




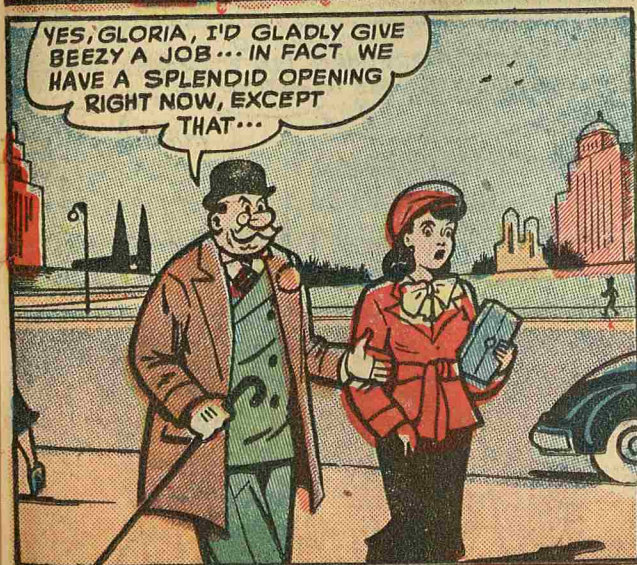
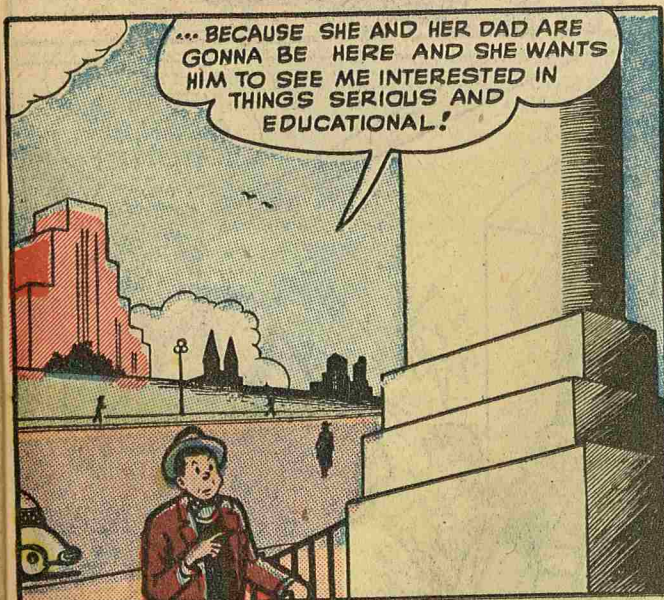
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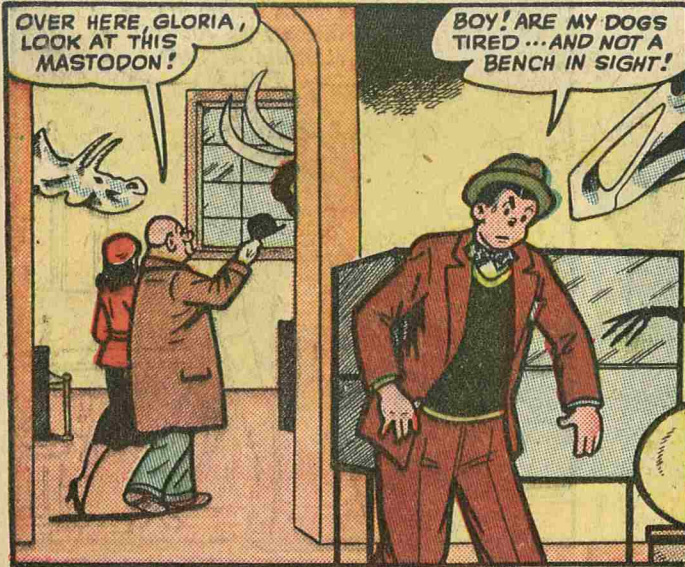


BEEZY



CRACK COMICS

OVER HERE, GLORIA,
LOOK AT THIS
MASTODON!



BOY! ARE MY DOGS
TIRED ...AND NOT A
BENCH IN SIGHT!



HMM ... WELL THE
TOP OF THIS THING
AT LEAST SEEMS
FLAT... AND I GOTTA
SIT DOWN
SOME PLACE!

BUT IN HERE, GLORIA, I WANT
TO SHOW YOU A **PREHISTORIC**
EGG THAT HASN'T BEEN HATCHED
FOR FIVE MILLION YEARS!



WELL, I'LL WAIT
JUST **TWO**
MINUTES
MORE!



BEEZY!

OH, ER,
HELLO...
HELLO!



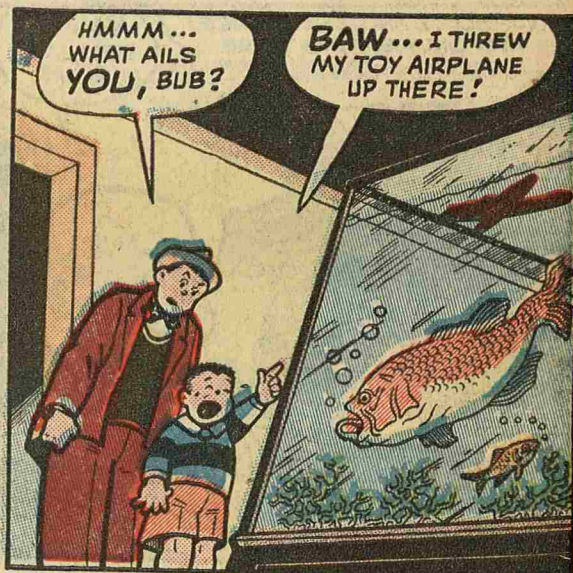
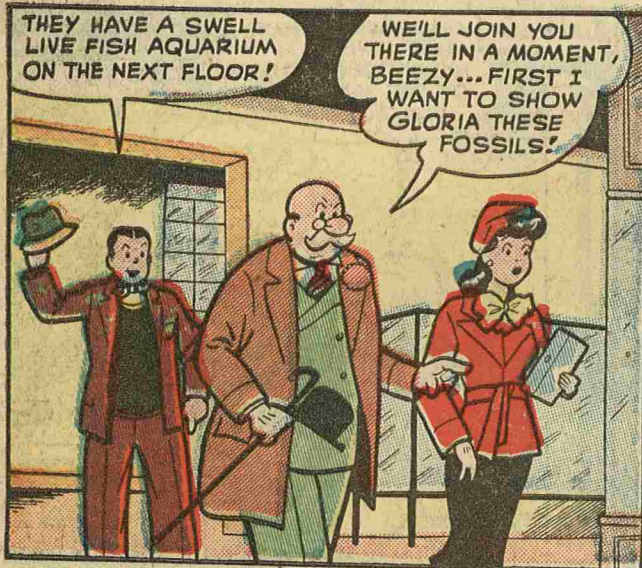
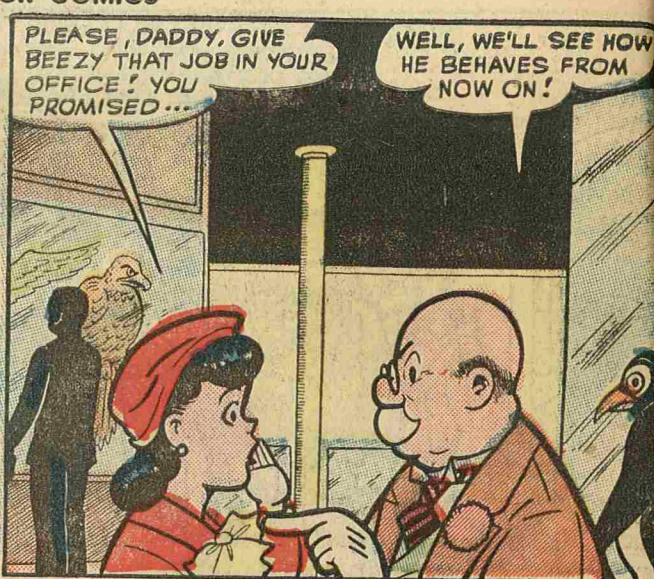
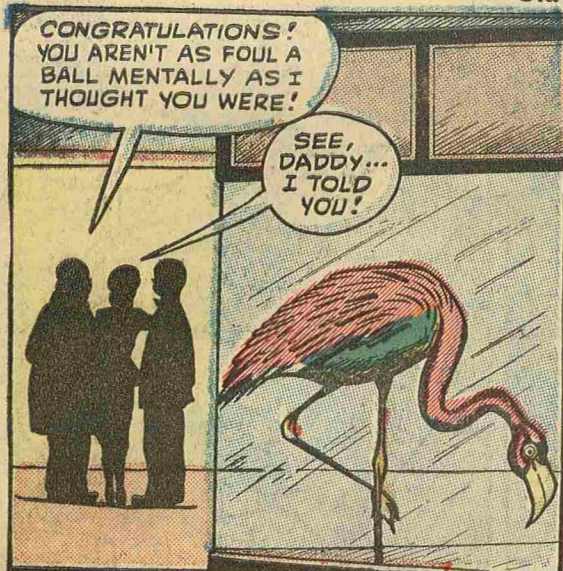
GOOD HEAVENS! I THOUGHT I'D
SEEN ABOUT EVERYTHING, BUT WERE
YOU ACTUALLY TRYING TO HATCH
THAT THING?

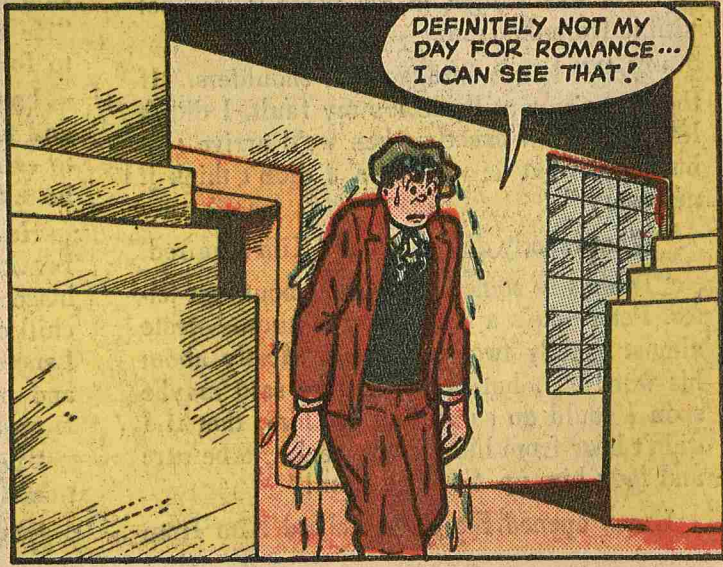
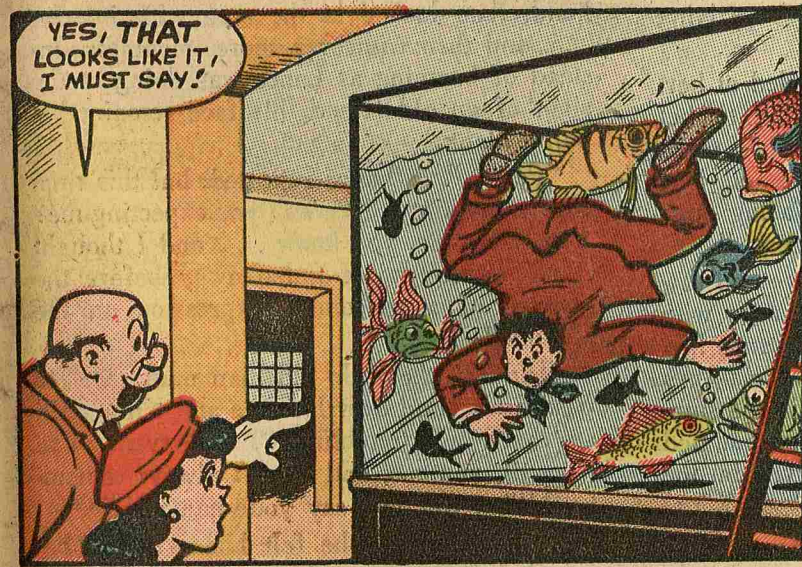
HUH?





CRACK COMICS





The Moving STATUE

LANCE GALLANT spun the steering wheel and turned his car into a long, winding driveway. In the open, the sky had been dark and forbidding. Under the thick, twisted branches that overhung the drive, the light was almost twilight. Sitting beside Lance, Kim Meredith shivered.

"Cold?" Lance looked toward her, then twirled the heater dial.

"Not cold, exactly," Kim shook her head. "It's just . . . I don't know . . . the gloomy day, and this spot. It looks as if we're driving into a tunnel—or a trap!"

Lance, easing the car along, smiled at her. "What an imagination! I'm willing to bet you'll forget about the gloom when we reach the house. It's a beautiful place—and if I know Peter Penning, we'll find roaring open fires, hot drinks, and a warm welcome."

As he spoke they rounded a curve and saw the house ahead. Kim looked at Lance with a quizzically raised eyebrow, and Lance had to admit that the sprawling pile of masonry which looked like a dream palace in the summer, now resembled a movie set for a haunted house. It was even beginning to give him the creeps.

He stopped the car before the front door. If there was a light in the place it was not visible from the front.

"Well," Lance shrugged his shoulders. "If there's no one at home it's my fault. I didn't let Peter know exactly when we'd arrive . . . but from what he wrote me, I didn't think it necessary."

"What exactly *did* he write?" Kim inquired.

"There was something funny about that letter. Peter—he's a sculptor, you know—wrote almost exactly two weeks ago. Mostly about his work . . . but at the end he said maybe soon I could do something for him; that if I didn't hear from him in two weeks, to be sure and look him up. So here I am!"

Lance opened the door, helped Kim from

the car, and they climbed the steps. Lance raised the knocker, then let it clatter against the door. Nothing happened. He knocked again. Finally they heard footsteps inside the house.

Lance breathed a sigh of relief. He wouldn't have admitted it to Kim, but her feeling of uneasiness had begun to creep over him, too. Then the door opened and a slim, bent, white-haired figure stood looking at them.

"Peter!" Lance exclaimed, holding out his hand. Kim looked at the man with interest . . . and then with even more intentness. Instead of beaming as Lance was doing at the sight of an old friend, his face remained a polite blank.

"Peter . . ." Lance repeated, but this time with uncertainty. "Weren't you expecting me? You wrote me, you know . . . and I thought . . ." Lance's voice faded away before the absence of a welcoming expression on the old man's face.

"Did I?" the little old man muttered. He passed his hand over his face and Kim could see that it was trembling. "I'm sorry . . . I've been ill, you see, and I don't always remember. What did you say your name is?"

Kim gasped as she felt Lance stiffen beside her. "The poor old man!" she thought. "He must have lost his memory completely, to forget Lance."

Lance repeated his own name and Kim's, and finally the old man stood aside for them to enter the house. "The servants are away," he explained.

He led them into a room full of beautiful furniture, all of it thick with dust. A small blaze in the wide fireplace failed to take the chill off the air. Kim couldn't bear to look at Lance. He had looked forward to this meeting and now—things couldn't be more different from the way he had pictured them.

"You've been sick, you say?" Lance questioned Peter Penning.

"Yes . . . very ill." Once more the old man

passed a trembling hand across his face. Obviously he didn't want to talk of it.

"But have you had the proper care?" Lance demanded. "Are you here alone?"

"Oh, yes. I've had the best of care. Don't worry about me."

"Lance," Kim broke in firmly. "Really—I think we should leave."

"Not," said Lance to the old man, "until I've seen your latest work—the thing you wrote me about."

Penning stared at Lance for a moment and seemed to read in Lance's determined jaw that he wouldn't take "no" for an answer. "If you insist," he said drily, and beckoned them to follow him toward the studio.

Kim, walking along, began to feel slightly hysterical. It was like an upside-down world where everything was the opposite of what one expected. Lance's old friend who didn't even recognize Lance . . . Lance himself, who instead of pitying his friend's illness, insisted on putting him through an obvious ordeal. And now Penning again—for in some strange way, as if Lance's determination had affected him, his personality seemed to be undergoing a change before her very eyes. His shoulders had straightened, and his gentle uncertainty had become a dry strength.

Penning opened a door and they walked into the studio-workshop, an enormous room several stories high, peopled with inanimate figures. A gallery running around the walls exhibited more pieces of sculpture.

"If you'll excuse me," Penning said, "I'll leave you for a moment while you look around." He went out, shutting the door, and then there was a click.

"Lance!" Kim gasped. "It sounds as if—he locked the door!"

Lance nodded absently and began to wander around the room, pulling the covers from half-finished pieces of statuary, poking into cupboards.

"But Lance!" Kim protested. "Don't you understand? He locked us in!"

She broke off as Lance, opening a closet door, muttered and leaned forward. He lifted a figure from the closet—a slim, bent, white-haired old man! Bound and gagged as he was, only his flashing eyes seemed alive. Kim's

head was going round. How could Peter Penning be tied up in a closet when he'd just gone out and locked the door? Without waiting for an answer, she helped Lance cut the bonds and raise the old man to his feet.

Weakly he flexed his limbs, and tried to smile despite the stiff muscles of his face.

"Somehow I thought you'd get here," he said, gripping Lance's hand.

"Twin brother?" Lance asked.

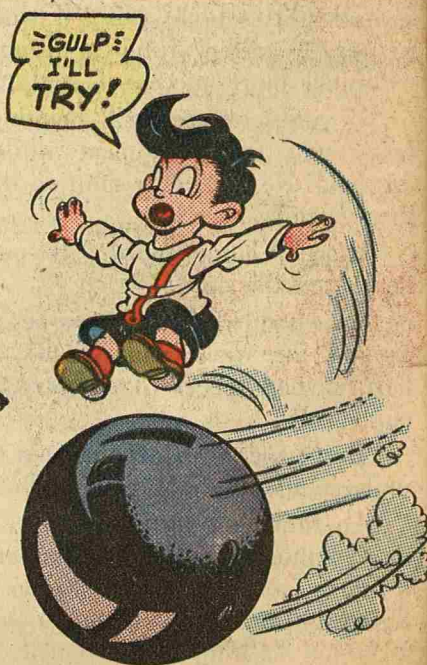
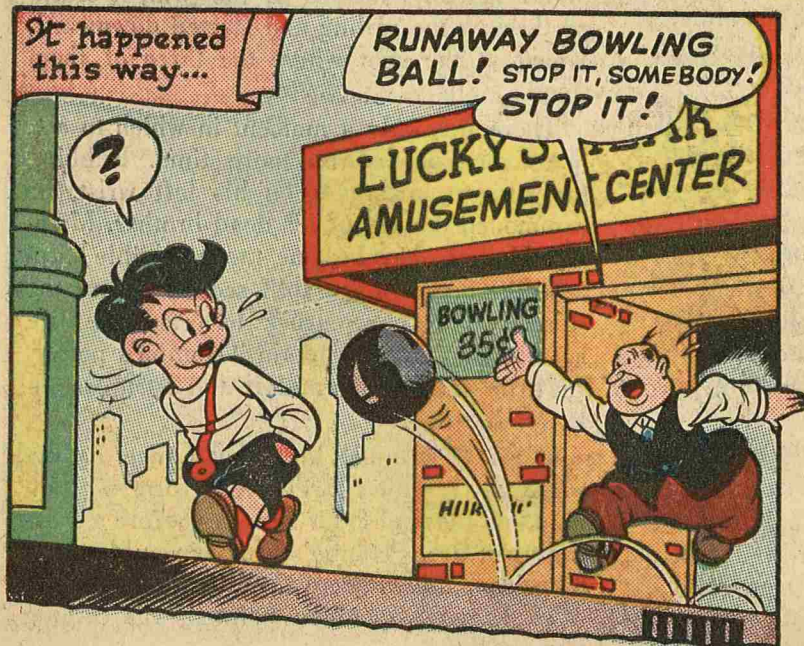
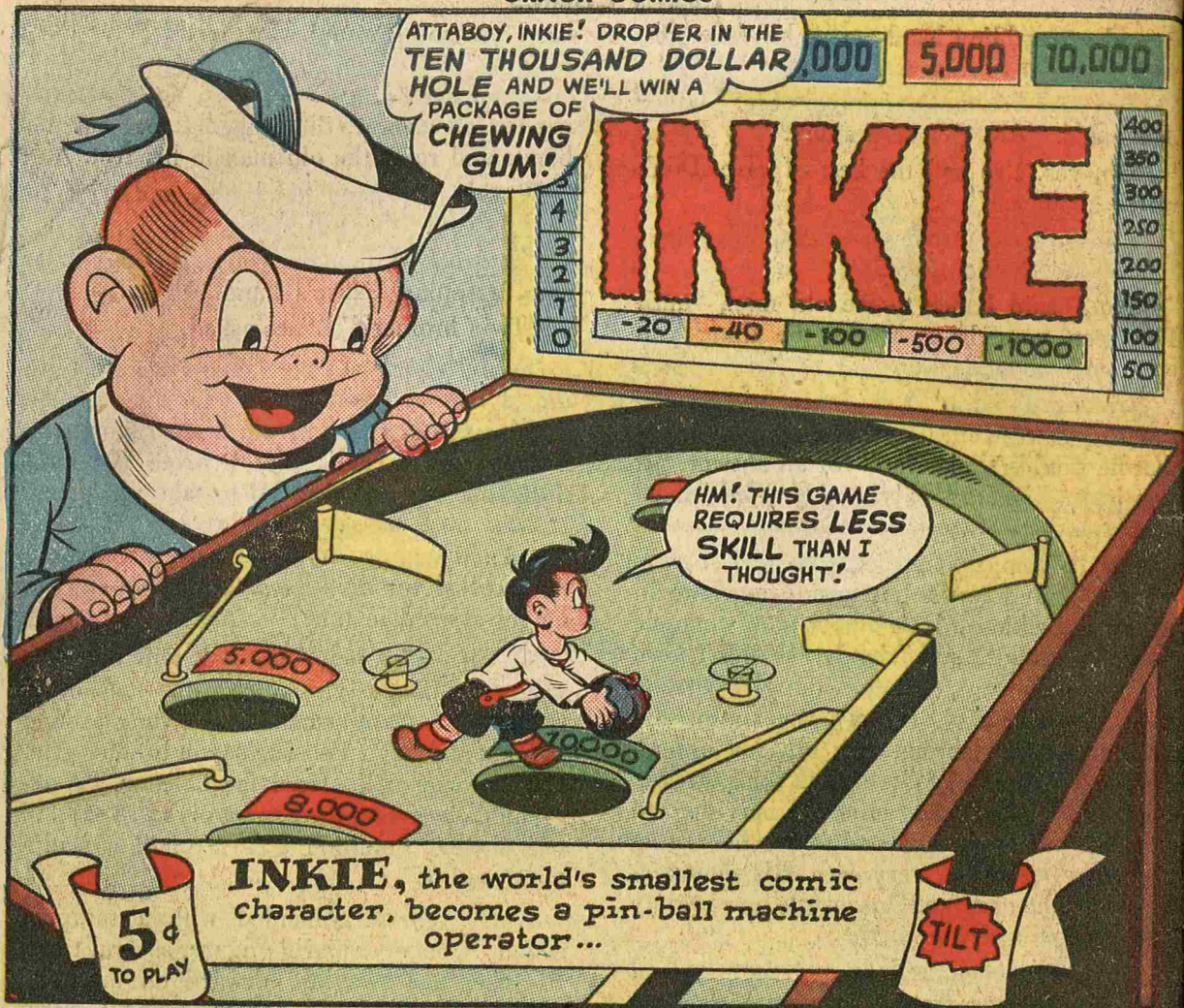
"Yes. He's always been a bad egg. Just got out of prison. I hoped he'd take some money and leave, but I was afraid he had more ambitious plans. That's why I wrote you as I did. Turns out he decided to take my place, at least long enough to collect a big commission I had coming. And I guess his plans would have called for doing away with me—if you hadn't arrived in time."

"What makes you think that will interfere with my plans?" The voice came uncannily, from above their heads. They swung around to look, and Peter Penning's twin brother grinned at them evilly from the balcony. "A regrettable accident, the newspapers will say . . . but visitors shouldn't poke around a sculptor's studio!"

Kim's scream coincided with a scraping sound. A massive marble figure, several times life-size, was swaying forward on the edge of the balcony. Pushed by the twin, it crashed through the railing and started downward, aimed at the spot where the three of them stood.

There was only a moment in which to act, but Lance needed no more time. Rubbing the strange birthmark on his left wrist, he summoned the aid of his dead brother, Michael. United, they became the invincible Captain Triumph. In the split second before the statue would have struck to crush the life from their bodies, Captain Triumph's powerful arms caught it in midair and set it casually on the floor.

It wasn't so much later that Lance, having magically resumed his everyday form, sat with Kim and the real Peter Penning before a roaring open fire. Penning's brother would return to prison, this time to stay. And the picture of welcome Lance had painted was coming true at last.



GREAT WORK, LITTLE MAN!
YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS
OF A PIN-BALL EXPERT!

PLOP!

IT'S REALLY NOTHING,
SIR! WHERE DO YOU
WANT THIS BALL
PUT?

BOWLING
ALLEY
ENTRANCE

ALLEY SIX, ROW
SEVEN! BROTHER,
YOU HAVE A JOB
WITH LUCKY STREAK
AMUSEMENTS!

TRY
YOUR
LUCK

GOSH! AM I
LUCKY TO BE A
LITTLE GUY!

ARE YOU KIDDIN', BOSS? HIRING A
LITTLE SQUIRT LIKE THAT? WE
NEED A PIN BOY WHO'S GOT
SOME MUSCLE!
HA, HA, HA!

B

HMF! JUST WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
I COULDN'T HANDLE
THE JOB, EH, BUD?

HO! HO! ONCE THOSE PINS
START FLYING, YOU'D BE A
DEAD DUCK! PINNED!

HEH!
HEH!

STRIKE!

BOWL
FOR YOUR
HEALTH

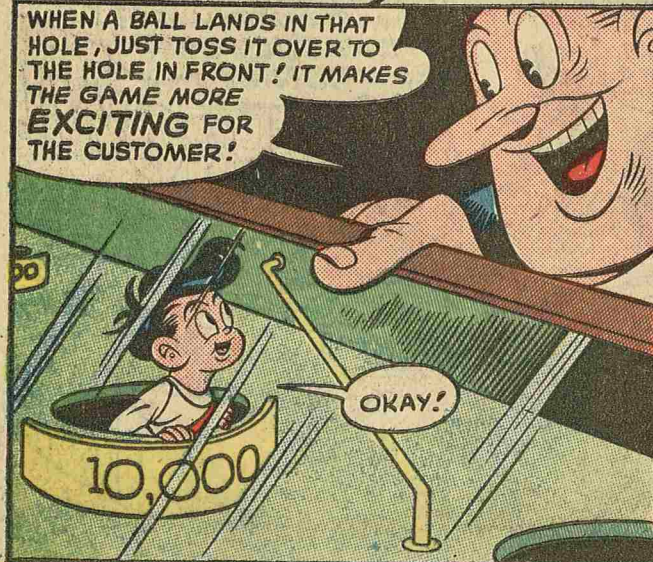
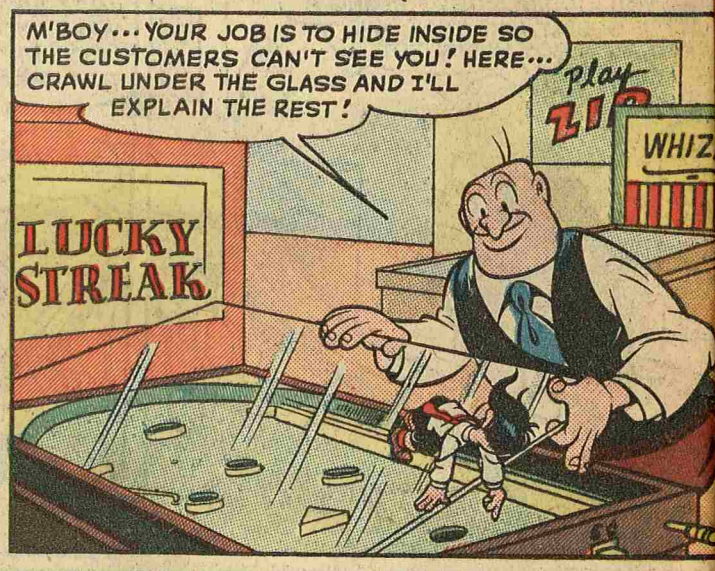
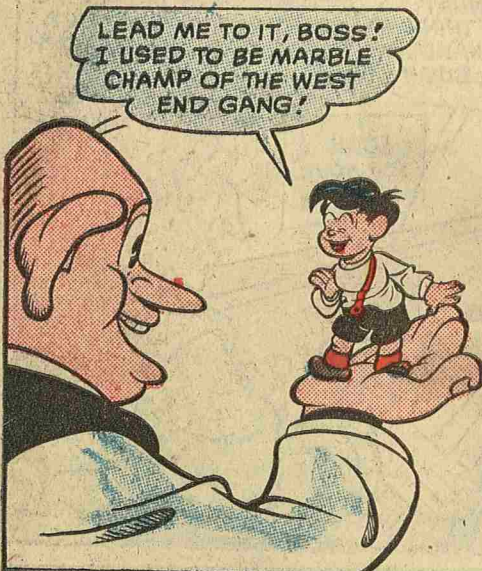
OH-OH!

HELP!
THE MAN'S
RIGHT!

YAH! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
THIS ISN'T DUCK SOUP!
HO! HO!

ZONG!

BOWL



HMM! I JUST FEEL IN THE MOOD TO WIN A FEW PACKS OF CAVITY-CLINCH CHEWING GUM!

PULL THE KNOB FOUR AND A QUARTER INCHES BACK... TURN A HALF TWIST TO THE RIGHT... THEN LET 'ER GO!

BULLS-EYE IN THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR HOLE! MY TECHNIQUE ALWAYS WORKS!



While, under the table top...

GULP! SHE JUMPED OUTA THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR HOLE INTO THE ZERO HOLE! FIRST TIME IT EVER HAPPENED!

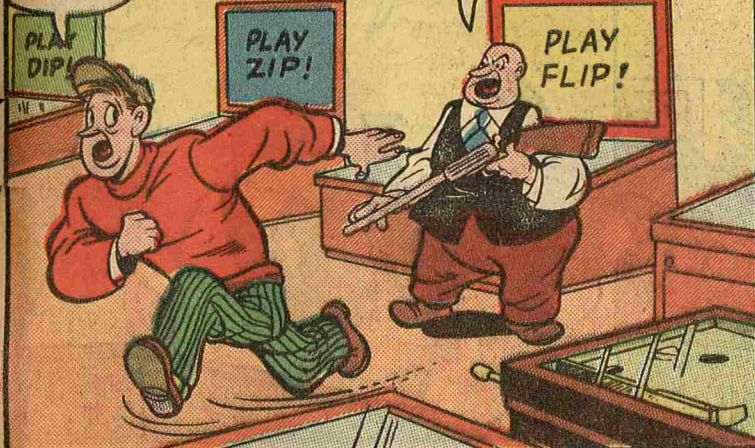
THE MACHINE'S CROOKED! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

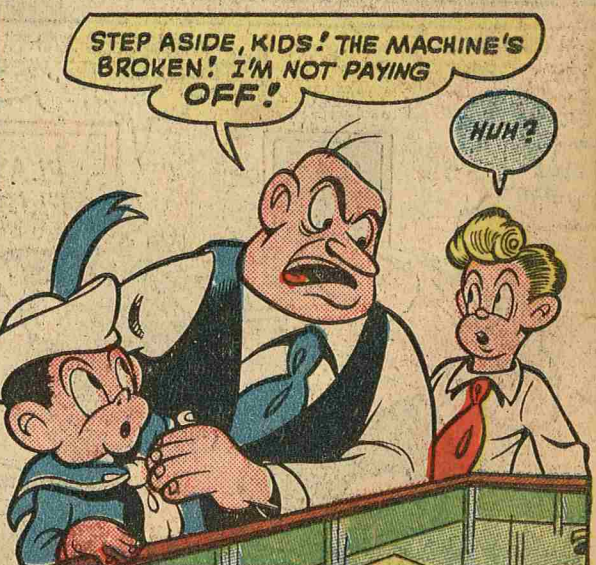
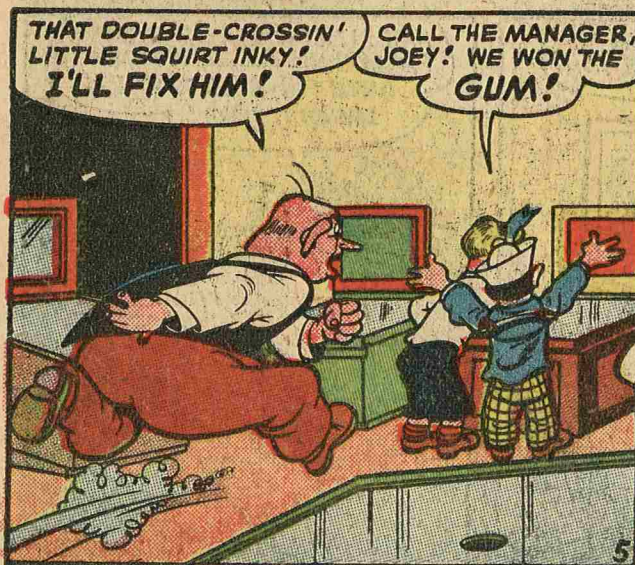
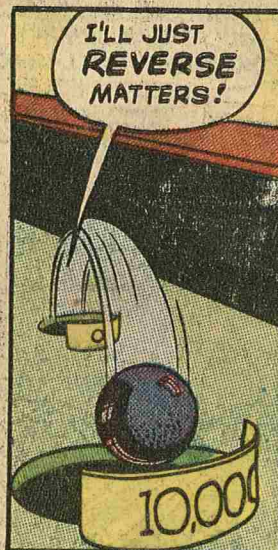
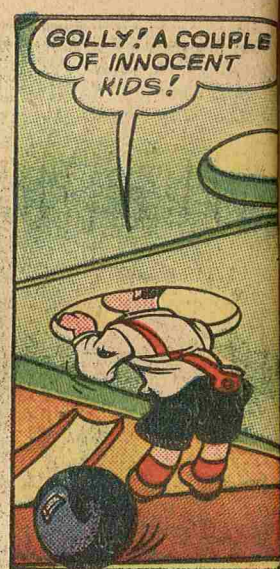


I'M CALLING THE COPS! I...ER... GOSH!

I WOULDN'T START ANY TROUBLE IF I WERE YOU, SLOT!

HMF! IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE FALLEN VICTIM TO A PENNY-ANTE PIN-BALL RACKET! I'M QUITTING!

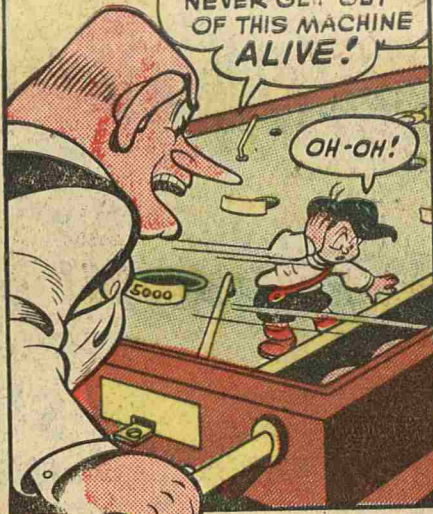




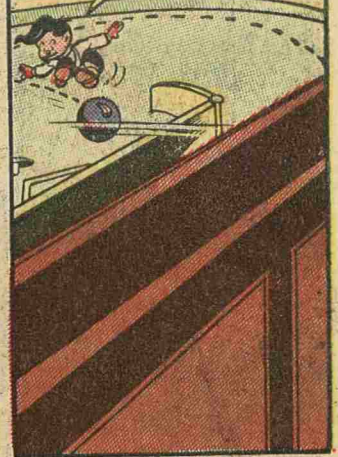
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, KIDS! THE MANAGER'S CROOKED!



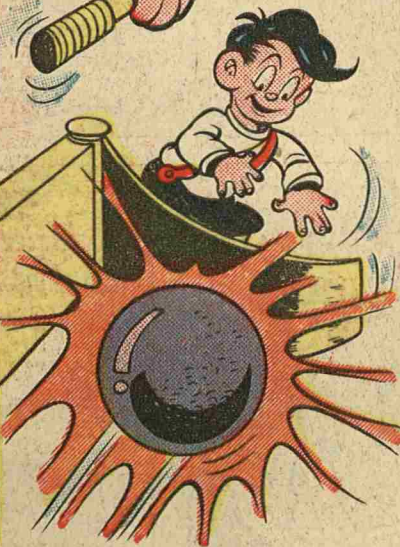
BLAST YOU! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS MACHINE ALIVE!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE FIRST BALL LIKE THIS!



...AND FLIP THE OTHER BACK...



...LIKE THIS!



OW!

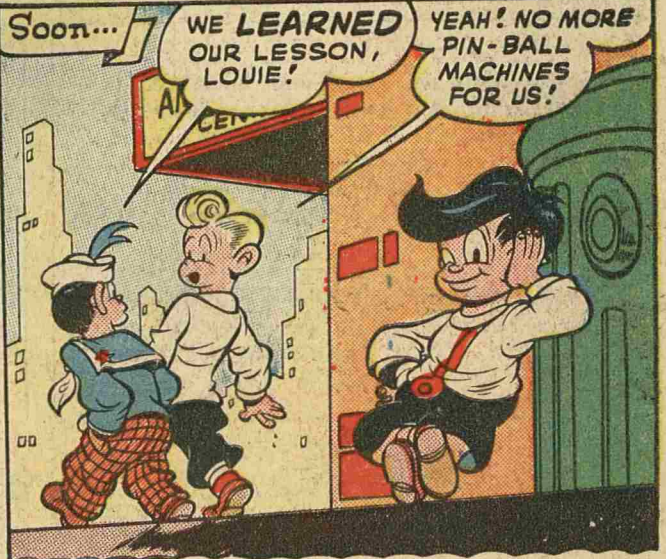
WOW!



Soon...

WE LEARNED OUR LESSON, LOUIE!

YEAH! NO MORE PIN-BALL MACHINES FOR US!



WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX
MAKES BRAKES FOR CARS,
TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!

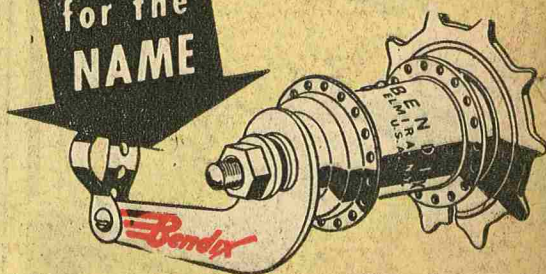


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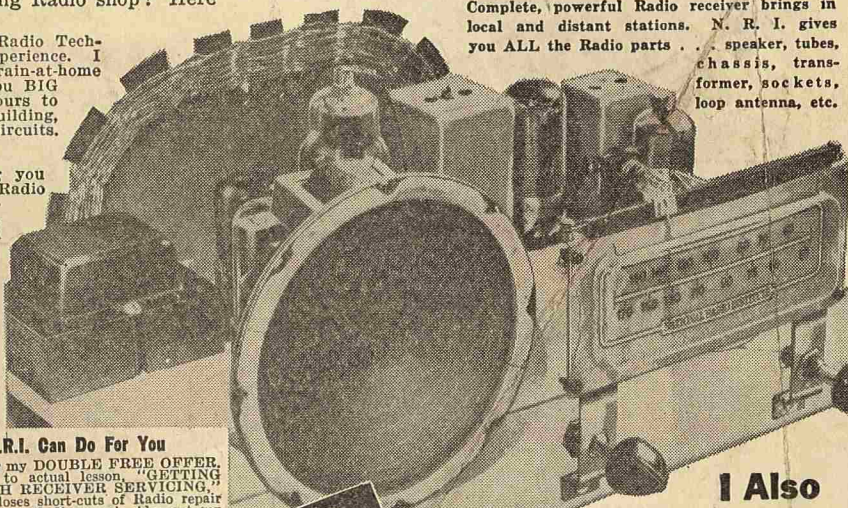


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